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EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN XIII

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WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY



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ISSUED FROM THE OFFICE OF THE
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION OF NORTH CAROLINA
RALEIGH, 1909

EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN XIII

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY.

MANUAL

OF

PROGRAMS, SELECTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS

FOR ITS CELEBRATION IN THE PUBLIC

SCHOOLS OF NORTH CAROLINA

PREPARED BY

ALLEN J. BARWICK

STATE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

ISSUED FROM THE OFFICE OF THE
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION OF NORTH CAROLINA
RALEIGH, 1909

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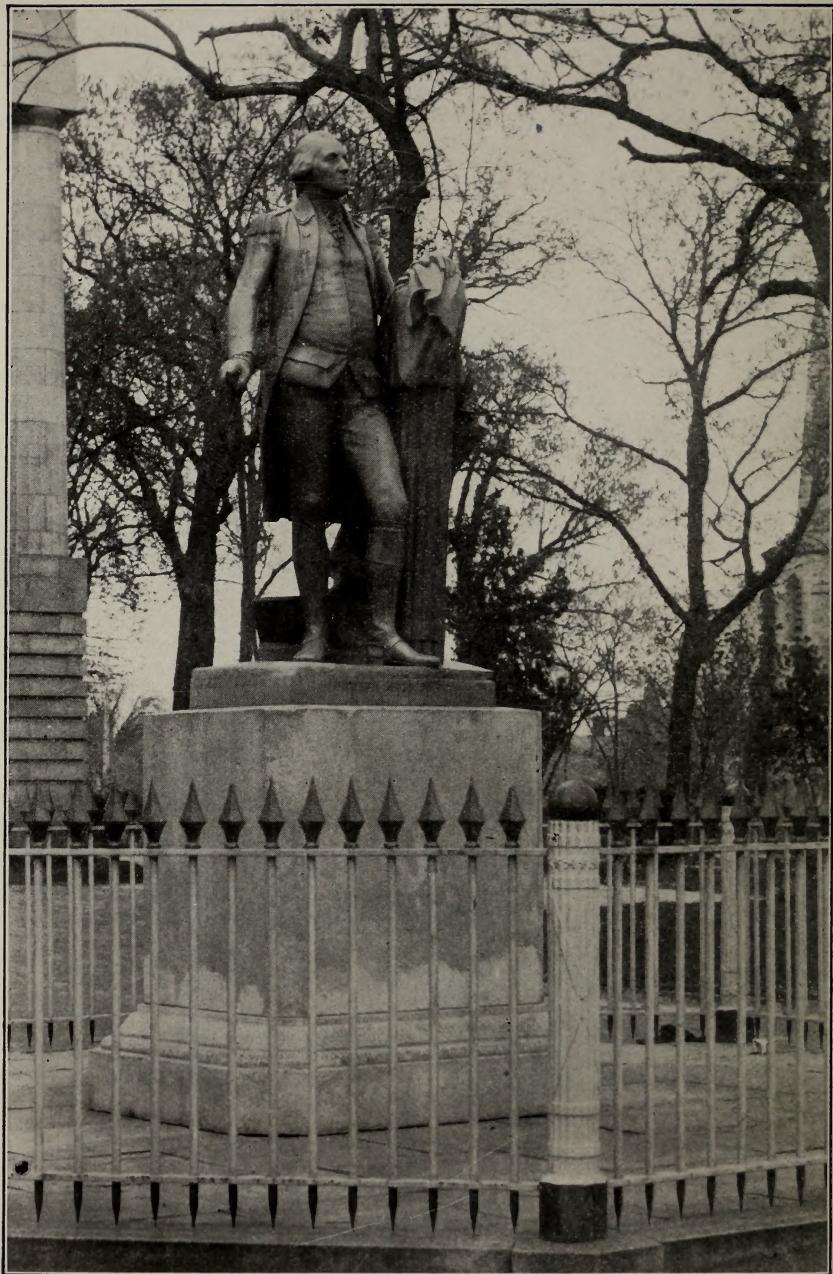
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WASHINGTON STATUE AT SOUTH FRONT OF CAPITOL, RALEIGH, N. C.

A reproduction in bronze, from the original made from life in 1788 by Houdon, a noted French sculptor. This replica was cast in 1857, doubtless as the best possible substitute for the famous Canova statue, which was destroyed by fire when the Capitol was burned in 1831.

INTRODUCTION.

It is not difficult, usually, for teachers in cities, towns, and villages to secure ample material for an interesting Washington's Birthday program; but those in the rural districts, and very often new teachers wherever they are, never observe the anniversary in any way whatever, for the reason that they lack a supply of suitable material with which to make an attractive program for the occasion. They thus let pass an opportunity for impressing valuable lessons of courage, honor, patriotism, and morality. *Sometimes the best lessons of school days are learned from special celebrations of this kind;* and it is with a desire to aid in making this day impressive that this little bulletin of programs, selections and suggestions has been prepared.

"There is something inherent in youth that makes a child always susceptible to impressions when presented through the medium of a heroic life. Heroism inspires youth. It begets a love of self-sacrifice in noble service, of self-reliance and righteousness."

There is a need in every school for special exercises on days like this *once in a while*. Besides inculcating high moral truths, stimulating inspiration and genuine patriotic sentiments, they give wholesome variety to the routine of school work. Special exercises afford an excellent means of drawing out the people of a community. Good usually comes from the meeting of neighbor with neighbor about the schoolhouse and grounds, that central rallying place for the affections of a whole community. Oftentimes patrons and others not friendly to the cause of education, and the local school in particular, are brought to an appreciation of the school, into closer sympathy with the teacher, and become lasting friends of the school, simply because they have come out and thereby taken an active part in a community enterprise. The school is henceforth of a more personal interest to them.

This special day should not pass without some sort of impressive observance; if not on the 22d of February, then on Friday afternoon of that week. It comes in the middle of the after-Christmas session of the majority of our schools, when a break in the routine may be of advantage to the whole school.

The great character of Washington will ever attract the attention of children. He was truly a great hero, and largely because, like Lee, he was very human, with all the passions of a genuine American, "tempted in all points as we are," yet a self-controlled, loyal, loving citizen and patriot, and his name should be honored and revered throughout all the years.

Grateful acknowledgment of assistance rendered in getting this bulletin into its present form is hereby made to Mrs. Marianna Cobb Gareissen, of the Goldsboro public schools. She has been especially helpful in her suggestions for seat work and suitable material to be used with the smaller children. Very young children learn the lessons of patriotism more readily by concrete illustration in which they take a part than by the usual methods of presentation that do not appeal to them in a helpful way.

SUGGESTIONS.

DECORATIONS, EXHIBITS, ETC.

Simple decorations of the schoolroom, or the auditorium where there is one, should be made. They help to give a good setting that better prepares the feelings for greater enjoyment of what follows. Pine, holly, clematis, and various evergreens are accessible in the country. Too, flowers that have been grown in the schoolroom during the winter months may be displayed to good effect. Blackboards may be effectively decorated with a picture of Washington, of Mrs. Washington, hatchets, draped flags, and appropriate borders done in colored crayons. Stencils for this work may be purchased for five cents, which will serve for use again and again for similar purposes.*

Exhibits of the children's work, compositions by older pupils, carefully copied poems and other selections by small pupils, together with specimens from copy-books and reproduction stories prepared from dictation, all may be displayed on the walls and blackboards. Some of the work of the year kept from the beginning, or specially prepared work for the occasion, may be made into attractive booklets with specially designed covers, decorated with flags for a border and an appropriate picture pasted on. Some pupils will be able to make original designs in black and white for the covers, which will be still better.

PROGRAMS.

The programs given are only suggestive, such as have been followed with success by a number of teachers. They are included here with the hope that they may give to other teachers an idea on which to build up suitable programs for their schools. No one is expected to accept the programs without modifications; but with a variety of material from which to select, rearrangement can be made to suit the demands of any particular set of pupils.

For an evening entertainment a tableau of the minuet, or a series of tableaux showing the different parts of this colonial dance, will make a very pretty part of the program. There are some minuets suitable for piano solos that are not at all difficult, which may be obtained from music dealers.

*Refer to the following firms for stencils, descriptions and prices. Catalogues will be sent upon request:

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY, 338-344 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, and GEORGE P. BROWN & CO., 38 Lovett Street, Beverly, Mass.

As suitable subjects, I suggest, American Eagle, Washington Receiving Instructions from his Mother, Flag and Liberty Bell, American Flag, Statue of Liberty, United States Coat of Arms, Child of Liberty, Washington as President, Martha Washington.

OPENING AND CLOSING.

The exercises will be made impressive by beginning them with the sort of dignity that is in keeping with the spirit of the occasion; in fact, by maintaining it throughout, together with a reverential attitude that is always becoming in us to show toward greatness of any kind. The quotation, "But One," from Savage, may be given in concert by the whole school, either at the opening or the closing of the exercises. It will help to give impressiveness. There are other good quotations about Washington given among these selections that may be used to good effect in the same way at the beginning and at the closing of the program.

SONGS.

Only a few songs are given. It is impossible to suggest all that may be used. There are many other patriotic songs that may be substituted for or added to those given here. What the teacher selects will depend upon what the pupils are able to sing. It is not desirable that many songs be used; it is far better for boys and girls to know a few well and sing them with joy than to know only the tunes of a great many. The teacher is expected to use her own judgment in arranging the songs at proper intervals in the program. A choir, duet, quartet, and solo, vocal or instrumental, add to this feature of the exercises. In some rural communities it is possible to have all of these.

PRESENTATION OF PICTURE, FLAG, ETC.

It will lend interest to have a picture of Washington, Mrs. Washington, or some other picture connected with the life of our great hero, presented to the school at this time, such as Mount Vernon, The Surrender of Cornwallis, Signing of the Declaration of Independence, Washington Crossing the Delaware, Washington Resigning His Commission, Washington and Lafayette at Mount Vernon, and Patrick Henry Delivering His Great Speech. These may be obtained at small cost, and contributions from pupils or some other means may supply the funds. It should be presented to the school by one of the pupils in behalf of his fellows, and a committeeman, some other prominent patron of the school, or the teacher—preferably the former—should accept it for the school as a part of its permanent decorations.

Every public school in the State ought to have some sort of a North Carolina flag. The cost of one is small.* If it can be bought by means of entertainments, contributions, or in other ways, the presentation of it might become a part of the Washington's Birthday program.

*Refer to the North Carolina Patriotic Society, Raleigh, N. C., for prices, etc.

ADDRESSES.

This sometimes gives occasion for a general educational rally. It may be made a good one. Whether this is done or not, visitors should be invited out. The children will take delight in making attractive invitations at their "busy work" period, if they have such time, which may be sent out by hand. At least some man from the community, sometimes more than one, can take a part, and should be asked to do so by making a short speech. It is always possible to get some one to do this, and the teacher has only to go after the right ones in the right way. Oftentimes the most effective speech is not a polished oration, but a plain, ungarnished "talk" by an unpretentious citizen. This ought to be planned in advance and notice of it included in the program.

COSTUMES.

Parents like to help their children "make up" for a public celebration. It costs little and usually affords great pleasure and no little improvement for the children, to say nothing of the good the public gets out of it. Old-time garbs are always interesting to children and vividly renew social customs for them; and a few puffs and ruffles, a little powdered hair, a brocade, a wig, knee breeches, buckles and a queue never fail to make colonial dames and sires live again in their imaginations.

TO SUPPLEMENT REGULAR TEACHING.

These special exercises are not for entertainment only.

It is not intended that the celebration of special occasions like this should hinder or in any way detract from the progress of regular school work; rather ought this serve to supplement it in a wholesome way. The celebration of Arbor Day, Lee's Birthday, Thanksgiving Day, North Carolina Day, Memorial Day, the birthday of notable authors, and other special occasions, if done in the right way, will make impressions on children more lasting than routine class work exclusively. They ought, then, to be observed. Let me suggest that the celebrations for the school term be planned, as far as they may be, at the beginning of school. If the undertakings can only be systematized, most of the features can be prepared entirely outside of school hours. Such a special celebration for a Friday afternoon once a month will give a good opportunity to get patrons to visit the school. It does not matter materially if the special celebration does not come on the day specified in the calendar. In no case must the exercises be allowed to work to the disadvantage of the regular teaching; and it will not, if properly planned.

PROGRAMS.

I.

Song	<i>America</i>
Roll Call	<i>Quotations from Washington</i>
Flag Drill.	
Recitation	<i>A Rally</i>
Drill	<i>Physical Culture Exercise</i>
Recitation	<i>Drummer Boy</i>
Song	<i>Flag of the Free</i>
Dialogue (for two boys)	<i>An Old Soldier's Story</i>
Recitation	<i>George Washington</i>
Dialogue (two boys and two girls)	<i>Reminiscences of Washington</i>
Recitation	<i>My Country</i>
Rules of Conduct (by several pupils).	
Recitation	<i>Tommie's Queries</i>
Song	<i>Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean</i>

II.

Prayer.	
Responses to Roll Call	<i>Quotations from Washington or about him</i>
Recitation	<i>The Twenty-second of February</i>
Song	<i>Mount Vernon Bells</i>
Short Addresses	<i>By Visitors</i>
Recitation	<i>The Character of Washington (Vance)</i>
Essay	<i>Washington, the Boy</i>
Class Recitation	<i>The Original Thirteen</i>
Song or March.	
Recitation	<i>Washington (Winship)</i>
Recitation	<i>Only a Private</i>
Essay	<i>Washington in His Home</i>
Reading	<i>Epitaph</i>
Presentation of Flag or Picture	<i>By a Pupil</i>
Acceptance	<i>By a Patron of the School</i>
Song	<i>America</i>
Class Recitation	<i>Recessional</i>
Drill and Song.	

III.

Song (by School) or Quartet	<i>Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean</i>
Prayer or Reading of Psalm	<i>By Teacher</i>
Recitation	<i>The Character of Washington (Vance)</i>
Short Essay	<i>Washington's Childhood</i>
1. Early opportunities contrasted with those of Lincoln and others as to environment.	
2. Characteristics as shown by stories.	
3. Superiority of his work.	

Song by the School	America
Recitation	For My Country
Short Essay	Washington's Military Career
Reading	The Banner Betsy Made
Song	The Red, White and Blue
Short Essay	Washington as a Statesman

1. Greatness.
2. Influence.
3. Lessons from his life.

Presentation of Picture or Flag	By a Pupil
Acceptance	By Patron or Teacher
Farewell Address	A few selections by pupils at their seats
Song	Mount Vernon Bells

IV.

Scripture Reading	By the Principal
Song	America
Roll Call—Pupils respond by giving patriotic quotations or maxims	of Washington
Address—"The Day We Celebrate"	By a Trustee
Reading—"Washington in the Wilderness" (Woodrow Wilson)	By a Pupil
Recitation—"What Constitutes a State"	By a Pupil
Song—"The Old North State"	By the School or Quartet
Essay—"Washington, the Soldier"	By a Pupil
Reading—"Sketch of the Flag"	By a Pupil
Recitation—"Our Flag" (Sumner)	By a Pupil
A Flag Drill	By the Pupils
Recitation—"The 22d of February"	By a Pupil
Reading—From Tennyson's "In Memoriam"	By a Pupil
Short Addresses	By Patrons
Presentation of Picture or Flag	By a Pupil
Acceptance	By a Patron
Song	The Star-Spangled Banner

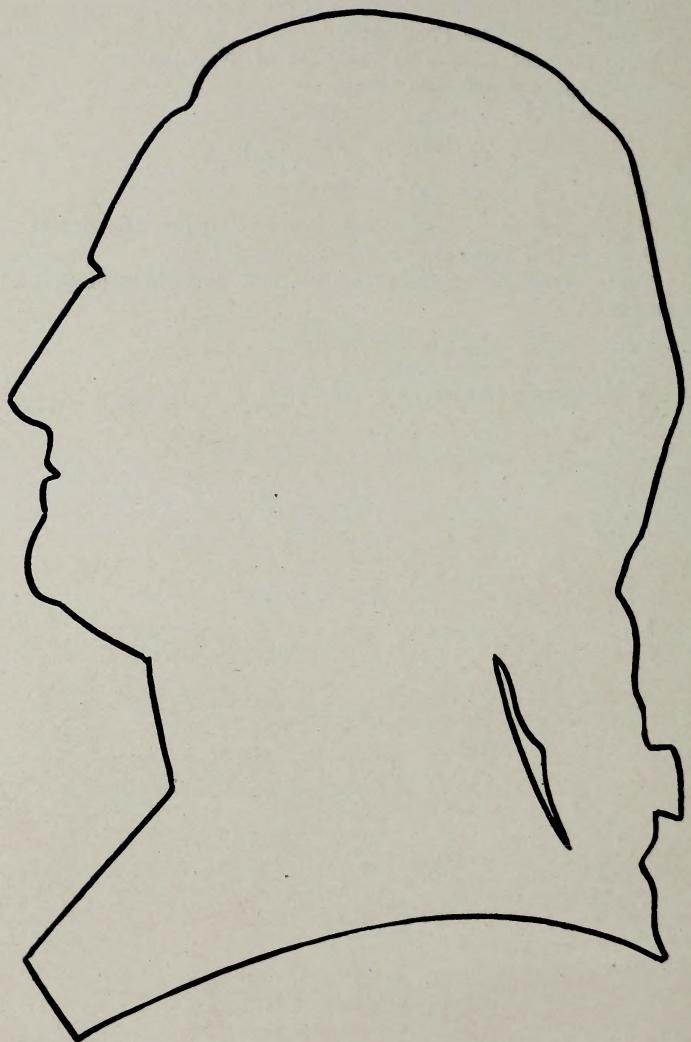
V.

(For very small children.)

Song by Class	America (1 verse)
Reproduction Story by Children	The Cherry Tree
Marching Song	By Class
Recitation by Class	Columbus and Washington
Song by Class	Three Little Sisters
Reading by Teacher	The Banner Betsy Made
Song by Class	Carolina (1 verse)

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITIONS.

Children of the White House.
The Home of the Presidents.
Chronological Events in the Life of Washington.
Washington About His Home.
President Washington's Receptions.
Mount Vernon To-day.
The Hatchet Story.
Washington at School.
Washington as a Boy: Home, Parents, Home Life, Sports.
Some Social Customs of Washington's Time.
The Founder of Washington City, and Something of that City
To-day.
What I Know of Mrs. Washington.
Lafayette, a Friend Indeed.
Washington's Career as a Soldier.



FATHER GEORGE.

Pattern for Seat Work.—This outline may be traced on black paper, cut out and mounted on gray or white cardboard. It will serve for various purposes of effective decoration.

SELECTIONS.

BUT ONE.

(To be recited by the school in concert, with pupils and audience standing.)

There has been but one Washington, and God, in his goodness, gave him to us. Let us cherish his dust and revere his memory.—*J. W. Savage.*

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

BY ZEBULON B. VANCE.

The composition of a man is threefold—physical, intellectual, and moral.

It is the justly proportioned composition of these three that constitutes the real excellence of perfect manhood—that creature made a little lower than the angels, the noblest work of God.

Perhaps no character in history can be pronounced truly great without this combination; certainly not if the moral attributes be deficient.

All of these qualities which belong to the “noble family of truth,” which engender love of country, and promote the good of mankind and the glory of God, are born and bred in the nature of man, from which likewise spring the evil qualities which afflict and debase the world. That system of ethics, therefore, which best succeeds in developing the excellencies of our moral nature is the one which most commends itself to our race. The noble characters which it produces are justly held up as living, practical examples of the excellence of its principles.

Viewed with reference to these facts, George Washington may be justly considered one of the greatest men whom the world has produced.

Greater soldiers, more intellectual statesmen, and profounder sages have doubtless existed in the history of the English race—perhaps, in our own country—but not one who to great excellence in these fields has added such exalted integrity, such unaffected piety, such unsullied purity of soul, and such wondrous control of his own spirit. He illustrated and adorned the civilization of Christianity more than all the dogmas of all the teachers. The youth of America who aspire to promote their own and their country's

welfare should never cease to gaze upon his great example, or to remember that the brightest gems in the crown of his immortality, the qualities which uphold his fame upon earth and plead for him in heaven, were those which characterized him as the patient, brave, courteous, Christian gentleman.

In this respect he was a blessing to the whole human race no less than to his own countrymen, to the many millions who celebrate the day of his birth.

PATRIOTISM.

(For Class Recitation.)

To be a patriot is to love one's country; it is to be ready and willing, if need comes, to die for the country, as a good seaman would die to save his ship and his crew.

Yes! To love our country, to work so as to make it strong and rich, to support its government, to obey its laws, to pay fair taxes into the treasury, to treat our fellow citizens as we love to be treated ourselves—this is to be good American patriots.—*Dole.*

Every good citizen makes his country's honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it.—*Andrew Jackson.*

If we are true to our country in our day and generation, and those that come after us shall be true to it also, assuredly shall we elevate her to a pitch of prosperity and happiness, of honor and power, never yet reached by any nation beneath the sun.—*Anon.*

A RALLY.

Little folks come marching forth,
 Little feet, keep time,
 In the East and West and North
 And the Southern clime.
 Lay your lesson books away,
 Leave your sums undone;
 We must celebrate to-day
 Brave George Washington.
 Little yet you understand
 All his worth and truth;
 Only know he saved the land,
 Faithful from his youth.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A YOUNG PATRIOT.

I'm just a very little boy:
 I never fired a gun,
 I never led an army,
 Like brave George Washington.
 And though like him I may not fight
 To set a people free,
 I'll try to be as brave and true,
 As kind and good as he.

—Alice Jean Cleator.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The bells of Mount Vernon are ringing to-day,
 And what say their melodious numbers
 To the flag-blooming air? List! What do they say?
 "The fame of the hero ne'er slumbers."
 The world's monument stands the Potomac beside,
 And what says the shaft to the river?
 "When the hero has lived for his country, and died,
 Death crowns him a hero forever."
 The bards crown the heroes, and children rehearse
 The songs that give heroes to story.
 And what say the bards to the children? "No verse
 Can yet measure Washington's glory!"
 For freedom outlives the crowns of the earth,
 And freedom shall triumph forever;
 And time must long wait the true song of his birth,
 Who sleeps by the beautiful river.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

(To be spoken by thirteen children, representing the thirteen original colonies.)

First Child: I am Virginia. I have given my noble sons to my country, but to-day I wish to speak only of one, the fairest, the most illustrious—Washington.

Second Child: I am New Jersey, and the elms at Princeton still whisper of his fame.

Third Child: I am Massachusetts, and his name is still as powerful among my people as when his cannon frowned upon Boston from Dorchester Heights.

Fourth Child: I am New York, and in my noblest city the first President took his oath of office.

Fifth Child: I am New Hampshire, and I bring granite from my mountains, that his deeds may be written on imperishable tablets.

Sixth Child: I am Maryland, and my Potomac's stream murmurs ever of love as it glides past his tomb.

Seventh Child: I am Connecticut, the land of steady habits, and as a model for our children we hold him up whose title was "An Honest Man."

Eighth Child: I am Rhode Island, and the name of Roger Williams is not more dear to me than the memory of Washington.

Ninth Child: I am Delaware, and when the ice cracks and booms on my noble river it seems to thunder the story of that Christmas night so long ago.

Tenth Child: I am North Carolina, and the shade of Francis Marion bids me join in reverence to his valiant leader.

Eleventh Child: I am South Carolina, and through the storm of war I have kept his memory sacred.

Twelfth Child: I am Pennsylvania, and the old State House at Philadelphia seems to be filled with his invisible presence.

Thirteenth Child: I am Georgia, youngest of all, and I bring palms to celebrate his victories.

Virginia: Let us speak of his truthfulness.

New Jersey: Let us admire his modesty.

Massachusetts: Let us praise his courage.

New York: Let us remember his deeds.

New Hampshire: Let us emulate his piety.

Maryland: Honor the statesman!

Connecticut: The general!

Rhode Island: The truth-teller!

Delaware: The hero!

North Carolina: The Cincinnatus of the West.

South Carolina: The Father of his Country!

Pennsylvania: "Providence left him childless that his country might call him father."

Georgia: Then let us speak of him still as "First in War (all joining in), First in Peace, First in the Hearts of his Countrymen."

—Lucia M. Mooney.

WASHINGTON.

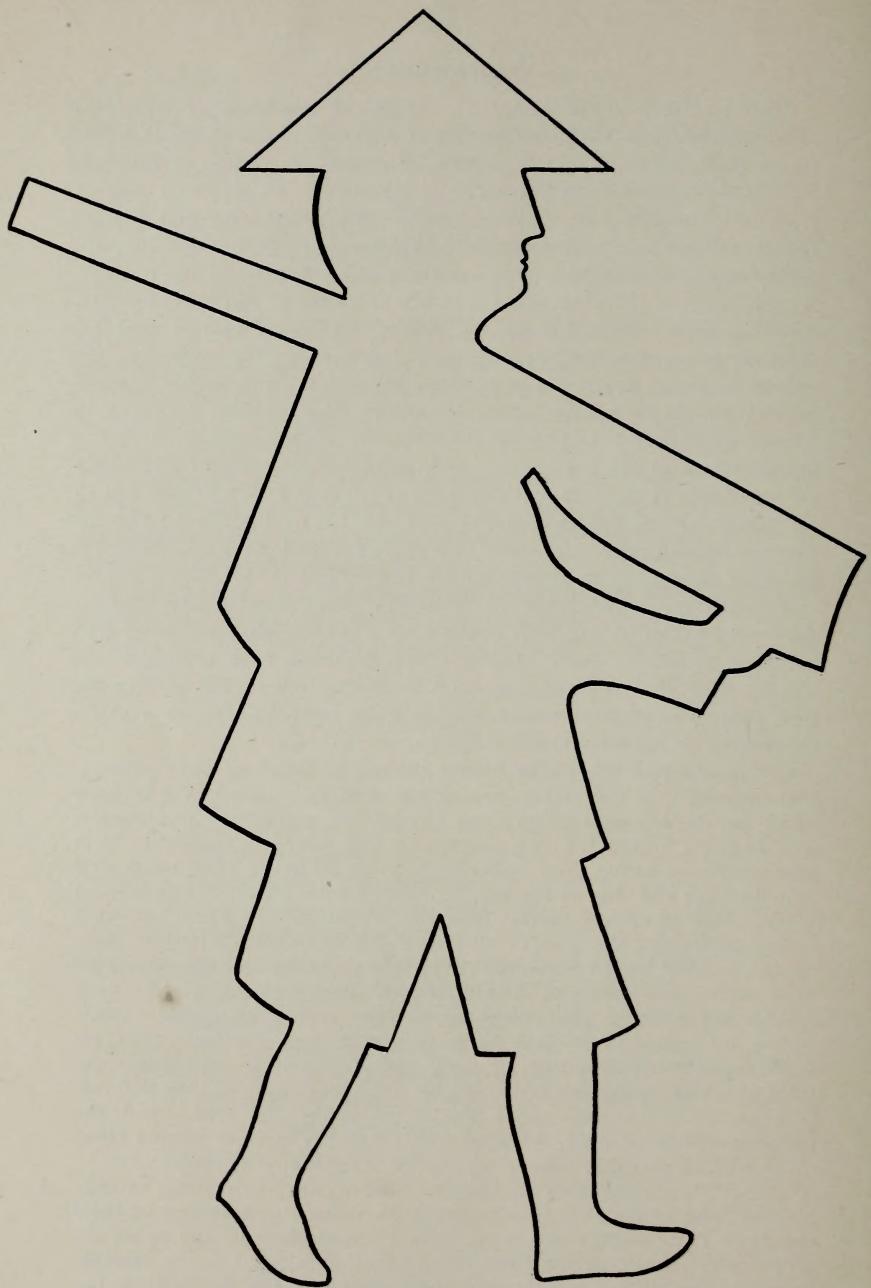
The character of Washington! Who can delineate it worthily? Who can describe that priceless gift of America to the world in terms which may do it any sort of justice, or afford any degree of satisfaction to his hearers or to himself?

Modest, disinterested, generous, just—of clean hands and a pure heart—self-denying and self-sacrificing, seeking nothing for himself, declining all remuneration beyond the reimbursement of his outlays, scrupulous to a farthing in keeping his accounts, of spotless integrity, scorning gifts, charitable to the needy, forgiving injuries and injustices, brave, fearless, heroic, with a prudence ever governing his impulses and a wisdom ever guiding his valor—true to his friends, true to his whole country, true to himself—fearing God, believing in Christ, no stranger to private devotion or public worship or to the holiest offices of the church to which he belonged, but ever gratefully recognizing a Divine aid and direction in all that he attempted and in all that he accomplished—what epithet, what attribute could be added to that consummate character to commend it as an example above all other characters in merely human history!

A celebrated philosopher of antiquity, who was nearly contemporary with Christ, but who could have known nothing of what was going on in Judea, wrote thus to a young friend, as a precept for a worthy life: “Some good man must be singled out and kept ever before your eyes, that you may live as if he were looking on, and do everything as if he could see it.”

Let me borrow the spirit if not the exact letter of that precept, and address it to the young men of my country: “Keep ever in your mind and before your mind’s eye the loftiest standard of character. You have it, I need not say, supremely and unapproachably, in Him who spake as never man spake and lived as never man lived, and who died for the sins of the world. That character stands apart and alone. But of merely mortal men the monument we have dedicated to-day points out the one for all Americans to study, to imitate, and, as far as may be, to emulate. Keep his example and his character ever before your eyes and in your hearts. Live and act as if he were seeing and judging your personal conduct and your public career. Strive to approximate that lofty standard, and measure your integrity and your patriotism by your nearness to it or your departure from it. The prime meridian of universal longitude, on sea or land, may be at Greenwich, or at Paris, or where you will. But the prime meridian of pure, disinterested, patriotic, exalted human character will be marked forever by yonder Washington obelisk!”

Yes, to the Young Men of America, under God, it remains, as they rise up from generation to generation, to shape the destinies of their country’s future—and woe unto them if, regardless of the great example which is set before them, they prove unfaithful to the tremendous responsibilities which rest upon them!—*From Oration on the Dedication of the Washington Monument by R. C. Winthrop.*



REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER BOY.

Pattern for Seat Work.—Trace, color red or blue; cut out and mount on white cardboard. May be cut out of white paper and mounted on red or blue cardboard. May also be cut out of black paper and mounted on white or gray, silhouette style. Makes an effective border.

DRUMMER BOY.*(By a Boy with Drum.)*

I'm a little drummer boy,
 Very small, 'tis true,
 But I love the bonnie flag,
 And my country, too.
 If my country calls me
 I come with my rat-tat-too:
 Tho' I'm a little drummer boy,
 My very best I'll do.

I'm a little drummer boy,
 I never went to war,
 But I could play my little drum,
 Tho' I never did before!
 Now, if the war was very long
 There's something I would miss:
 When evening came on the battlefield
 I'd want my mother's kiss!

*—Selected.***FLAG DRILL.**

Children taking part in drill should be dressed, if possible, the boys like George and the girls like Martha Washington. Each must be provided with flag 12 x 18 inches, with stick not longer than 30 inches. Then each holding flag in right hand resting on right shoulder, march on platform in couples (boy and girl) to music of any patriotic song, and take places across the stage, alternating, boy and girl.

Then all children salute with flag, as follows:

Flag in right hand, wave toward left temple, across to right side and down to right foot, then up in place to right shoulder. Throughout drill children's eyes follow direction of flag.

Fig. 1. Music, "Yankee Doodle." (a) Four times, flag in right hand, raised above head and back to right shoulder. Four times, flag in right hand, out from right shoulder and back. Four times, down to right knee and up above head at right side. (b) Same as above with left hand. Alternate eight times down and up with right and left hands.

Fig. 2. Music, "Columbia, the Gem," etc. Four times, flag in right hand, wave across chest to left shoulder and back to right. Four times in left hand across chest to right shoulder. Alternate eight times, right and left hands.

Fig. 3. Music, "John Brown's Body Lies a-Moulding in the Grave." Four times, flag in right hand, over head to left shoulder, waved

across over head to right shoulder. Four times, left hand over head to right shoulder and back to right shoulder. Alternate eight times.

FIG. 4. Music, "Tenting To-night." Four times, in right hand, down to left knee, then up and wave above head. Four times left hand to right knee, up and wave above head. Alternate eight times with right and left hands.

FIG. 5. Music, "Rally Round the Flag." Four times, flag in right hand, down to right foot, up overhead, down the back to foot, up back, overhead, down front to foot. Four or eight times alternate as follows: Flag in right hand to foot, up overhead, down back, change to left hand, across back, up overhead, down to foot, and change to right hand and continue as stated.

FIG. 6. Music, "Star-Spangled Banner" (quick time). Four times, flag in right hand, turn body half wheel to left side, waving flag to left side and back to original position, facing front. Four times, left hand, wheel to right side and back. Eight times alternate.

FIG. 7. Music, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Four times, flag in right hand, describe a complete circle with flag in front of body. Four times, left hand the same. Four times, alternate.

FIG. 8. Music, "Yankee Doodle." Flag in right hand, arm slightly extended frontwards, furl flag to music quickly, then unfurl, furl again and unfurl. Transfer flag to left hand and repeat the motion.

FIG. 9. Music, "Nobly Our Flag." All the children are to sing the song and at the same time wave flags above and across heads from left to right.

FIG. 10. Finale. Two leaders (a girl and a boy) march to the center of the platform, holding flags with both hands in front as army flag bearers do, other children following in couples, flags in same position. When the center of the platform is reached, the children form a circle around the two leaders, who raise their flags above their heads with points touching, the others quickly resting their flags against leaders' flags, and march slowly round, forming a wheel, singing "Star-Spangled Banner." After which the leaders once more head the line, all holding flags in right hands, arms raised above heads, and all march off to music of "Hail, Columbia."—*Selected*.

THE BANNER BETSY MADE.

(To be recited by a girl dressed in Quaker costume and carrying a large flag, or read by the teacher to small children.)

We have nicknamed it "Old Glory"
 As it floats upon the breeze,
 Rich in legend, song and story,
 On the land and on the seas;
 Far above the shining river,
 Over mountain, glen and glade,
 With a fame that lives forever,
 Streams the banner Betsy made.

Once it went from her, its maker,
 To the glory of the wars;
 Once the modest little Quaker
 Deftly studded it with stars,
 And her fingers, swiftly flying
 Through the sunshine and the shade,
 Welded colors bright, undying,
 In the banner Betsy made.

When at last her needle rested
 And her cherished work was done,
 Went the banner, love-invested,
 To the camps of Washington;
 And the glorious Continentals
 In the morning light arrayed
 Stood in ragged regiments
 'Neath the banner Betsy made;

How they cheered it and its maker,
 They, the gallant sons of wars;
 How they blessed the little Quaker
 And her flag of stripes and stars;
 'Neath its folds, the foemen scorning,
 Glinted bayonets and blade,
 And the breezes of the morning
 Kissed the banner Betsy made.

Years have passed, but still in glory,
 With a pride we love to see,
 Laureled with a nation's glory
 Waves the emblem of the free;
 From the rugged pines of Northland
 To the deep'ning everglade,
 In the sunny heart of Southland
 Floats the banner Betsy made.

Now she sleeps whose fingers flying,
 With a heart to freedom true,
 Mingled colors bright, undying—
 Fashioned stars and field of blue;
 It will lack for no defender
 When the Nation's foes invade,
 For our country's close to splendor
 'Neath the banner Betsy made.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY.

EPITAPH.

The defender of his country, the founder of liberty,
 The friend of man.

History and tradition are explored in vain
 For a parallel to his character.

In the annals of modern greatness
 He stands alone,

And the noblest names of Antiquity
 Lose their luster in his presence.

Born the benefactor of mankind,
 He united all the greatness necessary
 To an illustrious career.

Nature made him great,
 He made himself virtuous.

Called by his Country to the defense of her Liberties,
 He triumphantly vindicated the rights of humanity,
 And, on the pillars of National Independence,
 Laid the foundation of a great Republic.

Twice invested with Supreme Magistracy,
 By the unanimous vote of a free people,
 He surpassed, in the Cabinet,
 The glories of the field,

And, voluntarily resigning the scepter and the sword,
 Retired to the shades of private life;

A spectacle so new, and so sublime,
 Was contemplated with profoundest admiration ;
 And the name of Washington,
 Adding new luster to humanity,
 Resounded to the remotest regions of the earth.

Magnanimous in youth,
 Glorious through life,
 Great in death ;

His highest ambition, the happiness of mankind ;
 His noblest victory, the conquest of himself.

Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame,
 And building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen.

He lived—the ornament of the Eighteenth Century ;
 He died, regretted by a mourning world.

NOTE.—The above epitaph was discovered on the back of a portrait of Washington, sent to the family from England. It was copied from a transcript in the handwriting of Judge Washington.

THE MINUET.

(To be recited by boys and girls in colonial costumes.)

Grandma told me all about it,
 Told me so I could not doubt it,
 How she danced, my grandma danced, long ago.
 How she held her little head,
 How her dainty skirt she spread,
 How she turned her little toes,
 How she slowly sank and rose—
 Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
 Dimpled cheeks, too—oh, how funny!
 Really, quite a pretty girl, long ago.
 Bless her, why she wears a cap,
 Grandma does, and takes a nap
 Every single day, and yet
 Grandma danced the minuet—
 Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
 Grandma says, but boys were charming—
 Girls and boys, I mean, of course—long ago.
 Brave and modest, grandly shy,
 What if each of us should try
 Just to feel like those who met
 In the stately minuet,
 Long ago!

—O. W. Holmes.

WORDS OF WISDOM OF THE FIRST AMERICAN.

SAYINGS OF WASHINGTON.

First Child: To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means for preserving peace.

Second Child: Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections.

Third Child: The name of an American must always exalt the just pride of patriotism.

Fourth Child: From the gallantry and fortitude of her citizens, under the auspices of heaven, America has derived her independence.

Fifth Child: Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all.

Sixth Child: The ever favorite object of my heart is, the benign influence of good laws under a free government.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the Summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born!

* * *

Amid the wreck of thrones shall live,
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame;
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

WASHINGTON.

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation.

On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it.

In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

OUR FLAG.

And when we wanted an emblem
To carry in war and peace,
A flag to tell to the nations
That the Union never should cease,
We looked to the heavens above us,
To the stars in the fair blue skies,
And we copied the red from the sunset clouds
In the West when daylight dies.

—*Selected.*

QUOTATIONS ABOUT WASHINGTON.

(By Members of School.)

Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause!—*John Quincy Adams.*

As long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues anywhere plead, for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, those tongues prolong the fame of George Washington!—*Robert C. Winthrop.*

A great and venerated character like that of Washington, which commands the respect of an entire population, however divided on other questions, is not an isolated fact in history, to be regarded with barren admiration—it is a dispensation of Providence for the good of mankind.—*Savage.*

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

Washington is the purest figure in human history.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

“Until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in Wisdom and Virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington!”—*Lord Brougham.*

“Illustrious Man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into significance.”—*Charles James Fox.*

If, among all the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility and purity, I saw one higher than all the rest, and if I were required at a moment's notice to name the fittest occupant for it, I think my choice at any time during the last forty-five years would have lighted, and it would now light, upon Washington.—*Gladstone.*

DRILL.

A “New Physical Culture” Exercise for Washington's Birthday.

Commands—1.

Recited—2.

1. At—tention!
2. George Washington always gave individual *attention* to the calls of duty.
1. Po—sition.
2. Washington always made the best of any *position* in which he might be placed.
1. Heels—raise.
2. His very presence would always *raise* the spirits of his army, and his voice would inspire them with courage.

1. Heels—sink.
2. Nor would his own spirit *sink*, for his trust in God was unbounded.
1. Hips—firm.
2. Yes, his *firm*, unwavering trust in *God* was what sustained him during the darkest hours of the Revolution.
1. Po—sition.
2. His *position* as commander of the Revolutionary army was one of grave responsibility, but ably and successfully did he fill it.
1. Feet—close.
2. At the *close* of the war he retired to his home, Mount Vernon, after having bid farewell to his beloved army.
1. Feet—open.
2. His grand character and noble life cannot fail to *open* to us a lofty standard of courage and patriotism.
1. Heads backward—bend.
2. Let us, then, *backward bend* our thoughts to-day towards the memory of this great man who still *lives in the hearts of his countrymen*.
1. Heads upward—raise.
2. At the same time let us *upward raise* our thankful hearts to our Heavenly Father for having sent us in our hour of need this *Father of His Country*—Washington.

Salute—right (or left), face—march.

—Louise M. Byrnes, in *The Teachers' World*.

RECITATION.

Acrostic for Washington's Birthday.

(If recited by ten small children they might have letters covered with different colored tissue paper, or with evergreen, laurel, or boxwood, if obtainable.)

W—hy are we gathered here to-day,
 A—nd what would our friends all have us say?
 S—urely a hero our theme should be,
 H—onored his name, on land and sea.
 I—nquire thou the name of our hero true?
 N—oble, courageous, a patriot, too,
 G—uiding through trial our "Ship of State."
 T—ruly his name we can all call great.
 O—'er this broad country, each daughter and son
 N—ow welcomes the name—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

—Louise M. Byrnes, in *The Teachers' World*.

TOMMIE'S QUERIES.

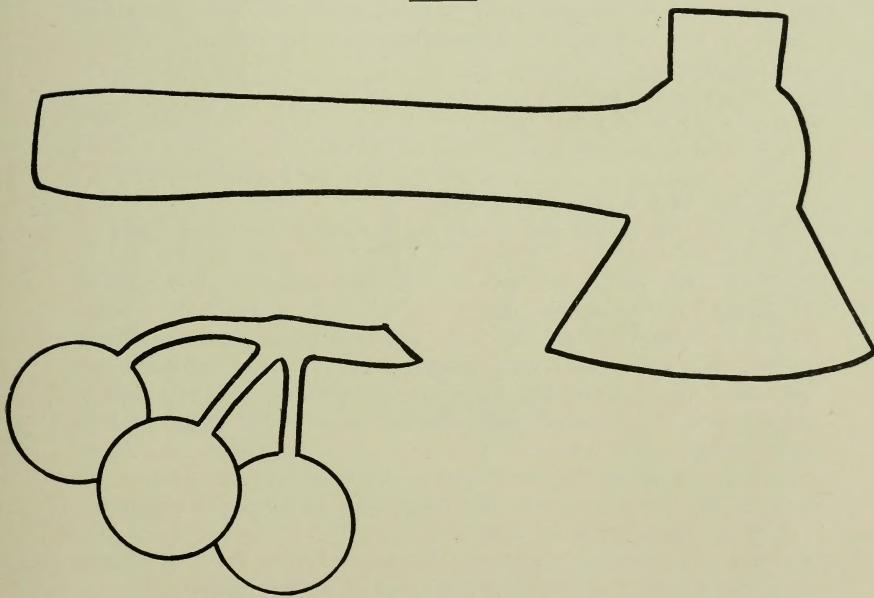
(To be recited by a very little boy as he stands before George Washington's picture.)

O you, who were so strong and bold,
George Washington in the days of old,
It seems so very strange to me
That you a tiny babe could be!
That you a little boy were, too,
And all a little boy's games could do.

George Washington, I love you true;
I love you; yes, indeed, I do!
For your kind old face and honest eyes,
For lips that never told wicked lies,
For all the things you said and did,
Which in the great, great books are hid.

But, Mr. George, I'd like to know
If Papas did things in that long ago
As Papas do now to a little lad
When he has been very, very bad;
Oh! please, when you cut the tree did you catch it?
And, please, did he take away your hatchet?

—Selected.



HATCHET AND CHERRIES.

Pattern for Seat Work.—The hatchets may be cut out of red and blue papers and mounted crossed on a white background. This will make an effective border. The cherries may be traced and colored for several purposes in decoration of articles for exhibit.

COLUMBUS AND WASHINGTON.

Columbus sailed across the sea
 To find this land for you and me.
 His cradle-boat rocked low and high,
 The sea waves sang a lullaby,
 God held the stars like candles bright
 To guide Columbus thro' the night.

And many brave men since that time
 Have helped to make your home and mine.
 Hurrah for heroes, great and small!
 Hurrah for heroes, one and all!
 We'll thank Columbus and the rest,
 But love our Washington the best.

—Selected.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

(*For Two Boys and Two Girls.*)

Costumes: Two girls may be dressed quaintly in white caps, white kerchiefs, full skirts, hair done up with high-back combs, spectacles, etc.

Two boys representing the men of Washington's time, may wear knee breeches, old-fashioned coats trimmed with silver or gold lace, if possible, three cornered hats trimmed with same lace. Deep lace ruffles on the sleeves and shirtbosom, wigs, buckles at the knees and on the shoes.

Two ladies are knitting and sewing. A bell rings.

Mrs. A: Who can that be? (*Goes to door. Enter two gentlemen.*) I'm so glad to see you both; please be seated.

Mr. A: Thank you. (*Removes his hat as he comes forward.*) Have you seen Washington to-day?

Mrs. B: He passed the house on horseback not more than an hour ago.

Mr. B: We are sorry. We hope he will accept a third term as President. He is a kingly man.

Mr. A: Indeed, he is. He was born, you know, the year I was, in seventeen thirty-two. We played together. He had no sisters, but two older brothers. A fine, manly fellow Washington was; fond of athletic sports. He could pitch the heaviest bar of all of us. He was strong.

Mr. B: At school he would divide the boys into two armies, the French and the Americans. We fought our battles with cornstalks.

Mrs. A: Yes; he is so kind and true that every one loves him. He was a good pupil in school. He learned very fast. He began to be great right there in the schoolroom at Bridges' Creek.

Mr. B: I used to see him often when he was surveying, measuring off great plantations and planning roads, walls, and fences. One day I called on him when it was bitter cold. He had slept on a bed of leaves that night and was then doing his own cooking.

Mrs. B: What a brave soldier he has been! I was glad enough to see the English army go home after seven years of that bitter war, and leave our country free to make her own laws. My brother, you know, was one who froze to death in crossing the Delaware in the snow and sleet. But we must not think about our own sorrows. Here, gentlemen, let me give you a cup of tea. (*Offers cups of tea.*)

Mr. A: I'll say *yes* to-day, but I should say *no* most decidedly if this were seventy-three and this tea of yours what the English wanted us to buy. How that tea did go into the Boston Harbor! How indignant we all were.

Mrs. A: We had reason to be. Such oppression and suffering was a gross injustice.

Mr. B: Well, we shall have to ride on to Mount Vernon if we wish to see our Washington.

Mrs. A: It's a grand old place with its lawns, porches, and large, airy rooms.

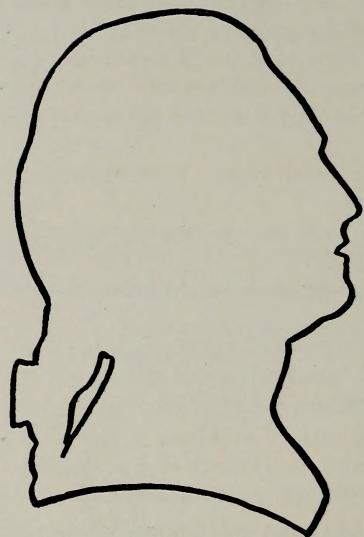
Mr. B: Yes, and I am thinking Washington would far rather retire in quiet there than take hold of this government a third term. Good-day, ladies.—*The Helper.*

HEROISM.

We build monuments and sing praises to the heroism of battle, the wild charge, the forlorn hope, the still white face upturned to the pitiless stars. This is the heroism we never forget, for it stirs the heart like the call of the trumpet.

But there is another heroism of the quiet, unnoticed life, lived out in honor and duty and self-respect. He is a true patriot who in the piping times of peace knows how to respect himself, his neighbor, and his God; who does each day an honest day's work, and lays him down each night to honest dreams; who adds his little mite to the Nation's wealth of brain or power or good; who holds a steadfast trust in the things that are worth while; who proves his Americanism, not by his much shouting, but by the clear, square democracy of his daily life; who sees his present humble duty and, seeing, does it.

America needs men who are willing to die for her; even more she needs the unknown millions who know enough, care enough, and dare enough to live for her.—*Charles S. Chapin.*



HEAD OF WASHINGTON.

Pattern for Seat Work.—This head will serve to decorate invitations, compositions, and other specimens of children's work, when cut out of red, white or blue paper, and mounted on a suitable cover of the article for display.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"How did George Washington look?" asked Nell.
 "What was he like? Won't you please to tell?"
 Thus I answered: "A courtly man,
 Wearing his honors as heroes can.
 Erect and tall, with his six feet two;
 Knee breeches, buckles, frills and queue;
 Powdered brown hair; blue eyes, far apart;
 Strong-limbed and fearless, with gentle heart;
 Gracious in manner toward every one.
 Such, my Nellie, was Washington."

—Selected.

GREAT OR GOOD.

To be as great as Washington,
 I could not if I would;
 So I've made up my mind
 To try to be as good.

—Selected.

COMPARISON OF WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

(This may suggest a debate for the older boys who have read or studied the events of the lives of the two greatest generals of the world.)

Washington was not, like Bonaparte, of a race which surpasses the stature of humanity. He was not placed in a vast theater. He was not pitted against the most skillful generals and the mightiest monarchs of his age. He did not rush from Memphis to Vienna, from Cadiz to Moscow. He defended himself with a handful of fellow-citizens in an unhistoric land, in a narrow circle of domestic fire-sides. He did not fight battles which recalled the triumphs of Arbela and Pharsalia. He did not overturn thrones to construct others from their ruins.

Something of reserve and repose surrounds the movements of Washington. He acted with deliberation. It is as if he felt himself charged with the liberty of the future and feared to compromise its interests. It was not his own destiny that weighed upon this hero—it was the destiny of his country. He did not allow himself to trifle with what was not his. But from this deep humility what a light breaks forth! Seek the forests where shone the sword of Washington. What do you find? A place of tombs? No, a world! Washington has left the United States as a trophy on his battlefield.

The Republic of Washington endures. The Empire of Bonaparte has perished. Washington and Bonaparte both sprang from the bosom of Democracy. Both were sons of Liberty. The one was faithful to her. The other betrayed her.—*Open Sesame.*

FOR MY COUNTRY.

I ought to love my country,
The land in which I live;
Yes, I am very sure my heart
Its truest love should give.

For, if I love my country,
I'll try to be a man
My country may be proud of;
And if I try I can.

She wants men brave and noble,
She needs men brave and kind;
My country needs that I should be
The best man she can find.

—*Selected.*

AN ESTIMATE OF WASHINGTON.

For many years I have studied minutely the career of Washington, and with every step the greatness of the man has grown upon me, for analysis has failed to discover the act of his life which, under the conditions of the time, I could unhesitatingly pronounce to have been an error. Such has been my experience and, although my deductions may be wrong, they at least have been carefully and slowly made. I see in Washington a great soldier who fought a trying war to a successful end impossible without him; a great statesman who did more than all other men to lay the foundation of a republic which has endured in prosperity for more than a century. I find in him a marvelous judgment which was never at fault, a penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was dim to other eyes; a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts, and an unequaled strength of patriotic purpose. I see in him, too, a pure and high-minded gentleman of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. Such he was in truth. The historian and the biographer may fail to do him justice, but the instinct of mankind will not fail. The real hero needs not books to give him worshipers. George Washington will always receive the love and reverence of men, because they see embodied in him the noblest possibilities of humanity.—*Henry Cabot Lodge, in "American Statesmen Series."*

DIALOGUE, AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

(For Two Boys.)

(One boy should be dressed as an old soldier—soldier's uniform, and right coat sleeve hanging empty at his side. The other boy is dressed as an old man—spectacles, tall hat and cane.)

Old Man:

You were at Valley Forge, old friend?

Soldier:

Aye, aye, sir, I was,
 Fighting for love and freedom,
 My country and Liberty's laws.
 I got a ball right here, sir,
 And that at Bunker Hill;
 Ah, man! 'twas seven long years for us;
 Those battles I see still.

Old Man:

And you were at Trenton, soldier?

Soldier:

Aye, stranger; on that day
 The fight was long and bitter
 Ere the English foe gave way.

Old Man:

You fought under Washington, soldier?

Soldier:

Yes, stranger; we would tread
 Through cold and fire and battle
 And follow where he led.

Old Man:

And he was a right good general?

Soldier:

Ah! that he was. To me
 There never lived a greater,
 His equal ne'er could be.

Old Man:

You've lost an arm, brave comrade?

Soldier:

Yes, sir; my loss is gain,
 For I gave that right arm gladly,
 And did not mind the pain.
 For *independence* I gave it,
 For the flag I love so true;
 And had they needed *this* arm,
 I'd have given it gladly, too.

Old Man:

Ah, you have honor, soldier.

Soldier:

Men make me a hero now,
 But many a hero ne'er was crowned
 With laurel on his brow.
 A hero dies for his country,
 The earth knows not his name,
 But angels kind watch o'er him;
 In Heaven they know his name.
 And all deeds brave and loyal
 Are recognized in Heaven;
 And the crown of love is granted
 Whose life for love was given.

—*The Helper.*

OLD FLAG FOREVER.

She's up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are sped;
 She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
 And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead—
 The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—how bright the stars stream!
 And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!
 And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream
 'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars,
 No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
 The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars.
 She's the flag of our country forever!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

(An illustrated play for the very little ones.)

On the blackboard make a series of pictures, as suggested below. (To those given, others may be added, if desired, the teacher arranging some little talks to accompany them.)

Use colored crayons; make the pictures as attractive as possible and over them write

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

1. Hatchet.	6. Elm.
2. Bunch of Cherries.	7. Flag.
3. Copy Book.	8. River, Ice, etc., or Raft.
4. Colt.	9. Dogs.
5. Soldier Boy.	10. Picture of Washington.

Number ten may be a large picture fastened over the blackboard, or may be made by means of a good stencil.

*(Ten pupils may be chosen, each reciting about one picture.)**Pupils recite. (Each carries long pointer and points out picture.)*

Ladies and Gentlemen: We are artists, and this is our studio. It gives us great pleasure to show you our pictures on exhibition to-day. (*Points to first.*)

Number one is a sketch of a famous little hatchet. It belonged to little George Washington, and with it he cut down his father's cherry tree. Number two is a picture of the cherries of that same tree.

(School may give here any song or drill with hatchets.)

Little George was very fond of books. He went to school and learned to read, write, spell, and cipher. (*Points to number three.*)

Number three is a picture of his "cryptography book." If you could turn over the leaves, you would find some of his own handwriting, queer-looking birds, and sketches of his schoolmates.

Number four is one of the finest in this collection. It is a picture of the beautiful little colt which George tried to break for his mother.

Number five is little George Washington himself. He was so fond of playing soldier that he organized a company of soldiers from among his playmates at school. They had little reviews, and many a fierce battle. And little George was commander-in-chief.

(School may sing "Soldier Boy," found in "Songs in Season.")

Number six is a sketch of a famous elm tree which stands near Boston. Under this tree, mounted upon a handsome horse, George Washington became commander-in-chief of the American troops.

Number seven is the beautiful flag which Washington loved and honored.

(All sing chorus of "Star-Spangled Banner," waving tiny flags.)

As commander-in-chief of the army, Washington endured many hardships. One night he crossed a deep, dark river among floating cakes of ice. Here is a view of the river.

(*Substitute raft, if desirable.*)

After the war was over, Washington went to his home at Mount Vernon. Here he lived a happy, quiet life, farming, hunting, riding, and seeing his friends. Number nine shows us some of his pet dogs. (*Pointing them out.*)

This is Music; here is Vulcan; this one is Truelove.

Number ten is a picture of the great George Washington himself—the Father of his Country.

School:

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!

(*Sing stanza of "America."*)

ONLY A PRIVATE.

Only a private—and who will care
 When I may pass away,
 Or how, or why I perish, or where
 I mix with the common clay?
 They will fill my empty place again
 With another as bold and brave;
 And they'll blot me out ere the autumn rain
 Has freshened my nameless grave.

Only a private—it matters not
 That I did my duty well,
 That all through a score of battles I fought,
 And then, like a soldier, fell.
 The country I died for never will heed
 My unrequited claim;
 And History cannot record the deed,
 For she never has heard my name.

Only a private—and yet I know
 When I heard the rallying-call
 I was one of the very first to go,
 And . . . I'm one of the many who fall:
 But as here I lie, it is sweet to feel
 That my honor's without a stain,—
 That I only fought for my country's weal,
 And not for glory or gain.

Only a private—yet He who reads
 Through the guises of the heart
 Looks not at the splendor of the deeds,
 But the way we do our part;
 And when He shall take us by the hand,
 And our small service own,
 There'll a glorious band of privates stand
 As victors around the throne!

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

A MODEL CITIZEN.

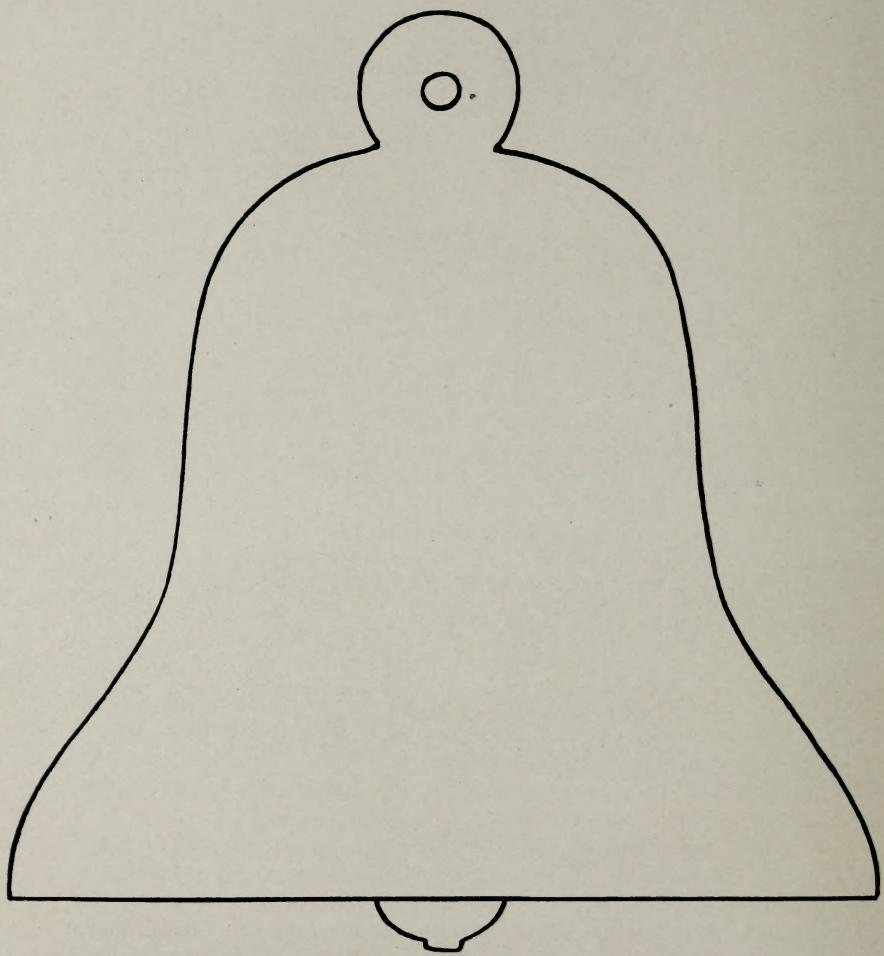
A model citizen is well informed—educated in the principles of government; he is a good neighbor—ever considerate of the health, comfort, and safety of those with whom he is associated; he is intelligently industrious—skilled and active in some useful employment.

He bears his part of the expenses of government. He consults his neighbors concerning the public welfare, promotes their frequent assembling to consider matters of common concern, and is well posted in regard to the conduct of officers who administer law and government.

He does not seek office for which he is not fitted; but he does not shirk public duty when his country needs his service, in peace or in war. In this service he is faithful and brave. As judge or juror, he is not controlled by “fear, favor, or affection, reward or the hope of reward.” He does not accept employment which is inconsistent with his duty as a citizen.

He is the friend of the poor, of widows and of orphans—the champion of the oppressed. He is the visitor of captives—swift to inquire into the causes of their imprisonment, watchful of the condition of the places where they are confined, and of the character and conduct of those who have them in custody.

He is law-abiding—keeps the law himself and is ready to assist in its enforcement. As taxpayer and voter, the supporter and constitutional master of all public servants, he assumes his share of responsibility for the administration of government.—*W. J. Peele* (*from his Civil Government of North Carolina and the United States*).



LIBERTY BELL.

Pattern for Seat Work.—Trace on blue, red, and white paper; cut out, string on card and festoon over pictures of George and Martha Washington. Chains of red, white and blue paper make effective decorations. Both chains and bells can be made by the smallest children, who will take great pride and pleasure in contributing their share toward decorations and program.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIBRARY

SONGS.

MOUNT VERNON BELLS.

(AIR—"Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground.")

(From Song Knapsack.)

Where Potomac's stream is flowing
 Virginia's border through;
 Where the white-sailed ships are going,
 Sailing to the ocean blue;
 Hushed the sound of mirth and singing—
 Silent, every one—
 While the solemn bells are ringing
 By the tomb of Washington.

CHORUS.

Tolling and knelling
 With a sad, sweet sound;
 O'er the waves the tones are swelling
 By Mount Vernon's sacred ground.

Long ago the warrior slumbered—
 Our country's father slept;
 Long among the angels numbered—
 They the hero-soul have kept.
 But the children's children love him
 And his name revere;
 So, where willows wave above him,
 Sweetly, still, his knell you hear.

Sail, O ships, across the billows,
 And bear the story far,
 How he sleeps beneath the willows,—
 "First in peace and first in war."
 Tell, while sweet adieus are swelling,
 Till you come again,
 He within the heart is dwelling,
 Of his loving countrymen.

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

(AIR—"Lightly Row.")

A. E. A.

(For any number of small children. Each may wear soldier's cap of red, white or blue, and carry small flag.)

(As if ringing little bells.)

Clearly ring, clearly ring,
 Great bells, on this happy day,
 Swing and ring, ring and swing,
 Backward, forward, sway.
 Little bells can do the same,
 Ring out one beloved name—
 "Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling,"
 Ring for Washington.

(As if beating little drums.)

Loudly play, loudly play,
 Bands upon the crowded street,
 Play away, play away,
 Music strong and sweet.
 Little drums can bravely beat
 Little airs for little feet,
 "Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat,"
 Beat for Washington.

(All waving little flags.)

Proudly fly, proudly fly,
 Silken banners great and fair,
 Fly so high, fly so high,
 On the frosty air.
 Little flags are floating, too,
 All in red and white and blue,
 Hip, hurrah! hip, hurrah!
 Wave for Washington.

(Forming in line and marching.)

March along, march along,
 Soldiers noble, brave and true,
 March along, swift and strong,
 Uniforms of blue.
 Little soldiers, too, can fight
 Little battles for the right,
 "Forward march! Forward march!"
 March for Washington.

AMERICA.

REV. DR. S. F. SMITH.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

THE OLD NORTH STATE.

By WILLIAM GASTON.

Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessing attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her;
Though the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her,
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Old North State!

Though she envies not others their merited glory,
Say, whose name stands the foremost in Liberty's story?
Though too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,
Who can yield to just rule more loyal submission?

Hurrah, etc.

Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open faster
At the knock of a stranger, or the tale of disaster?
How like to the rudeness of their dear native mountains,
With rich ore in their bosoms and life in their fountains.

Hurrah, etc.

And her daughters, the Queen of the Forest resembling—
So graceful, so constant, yet to gentlest breath trembling;
And true lightwood at heart, let the match be applied them,
How they kindle and flame! Oh! none know but who've tried them.

Hurrah, etc.

Then let all who love us love the land that we live in
(As happy a region as on this side of Heaven),
Where Plenty and Freedom, Love and Peace smile before us.
Raise aloud, raise together the heart-thrilling chorus!

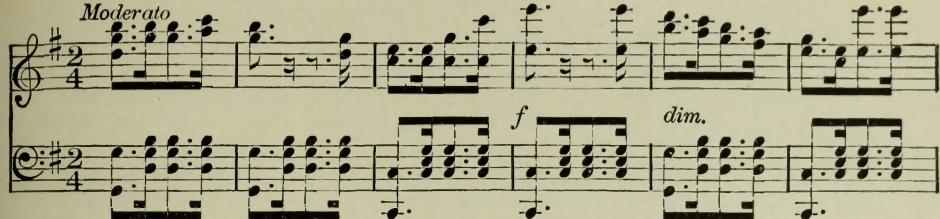
Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Old North State!

Dr. WM. B. HARRELL

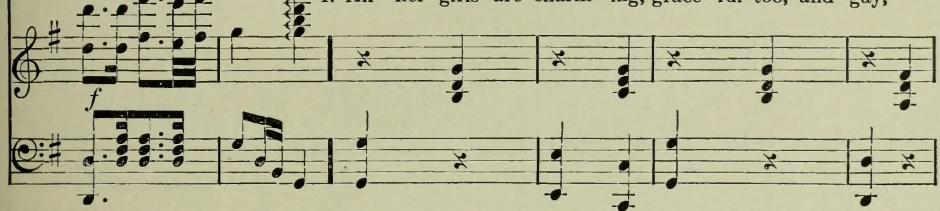
HO! FOR CAROLINA

Mrs. W.B. HARRELL

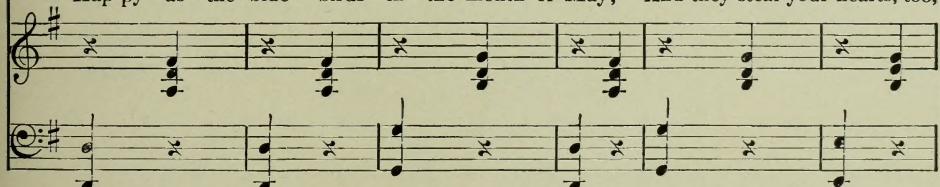
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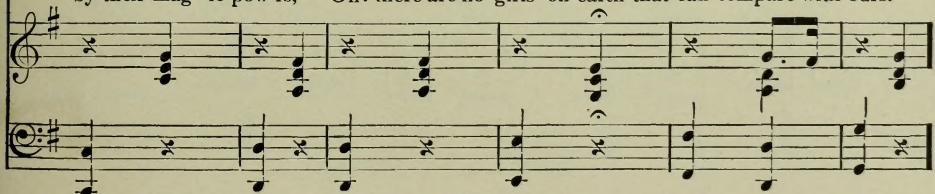
1. Let no heart in sor - row weep for oth - er days,
2. Down in Car - o - li - na grows the loft - y pine,
3. Come to Car - o - li - na, in the sum - mer time
4. All her girls are charm - ing, grace - ful too, and gay,



Let no i - dle dream - ers tell in melt - ing lays, Of the mer - ry meet - ing
And her groves and for - ests bear the scent-ed vine, Here are peaceful homes, too,
When the luscious fruits are hang - ing in their prime, And the maid-ens sing - ing
Hap - py as the blue - birds in the month of May; And they steal your hearts, too,



in the ros - y bow'rs, For there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.
nest-ling 'mid the flow'rs, Oh! there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.
in the leaf - y bow'rs, Oh! there is no land on earth like this fair land of ours.
by their mag - ic pow'rs, Oh! there are no girls on earth that can compare with ours.



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HO! FOR CAROLINA

CHORUS

Ho! for Car - o - li - na, that's the land for me, In her hap - py

Ho! for Car - o - li - na, that's the land for me, In her hap - py

bor - ders roam the brave and free, And her bright-eyed daugh - ters -

bor - ders roam the brave and free, And her bright-eyed daugh - ters -

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HO! FOR CAROLINA

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the voice, and the bottom two staves are for the piano. The music is in common time and G major. The vocal parts are written in G clef, and the piano parts are written in C clef. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and harmonic chords. The vocal parts have lyrics: "none can fair - er be; Oh! it is the land of love and sweet Lib - er - ty." The score is presented in a two-page spread, with the first page containing the first two staves and the second page containing the second two staves.

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THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

DAVID T. SHAW

DAVID T. SHAW

1. O Co - lum - bial the gem of the o - cean, The home of the
 2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threat-ened the
 3. Then sons of Co - lum - bia, come hith - er And join in our

brave and the free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion,
 land to de - form, The ark then of free-dom's foun - da - tion,
 na - tion's sweet hymn; May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er,

A world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy man - dates make
 Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her gar - lands of
 Nor the stars of their glo - ry grow dim! May the serv - ice u -

he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view,
 vic - t'ry a - round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew,
 nit - ed, ne'er sev - er, But they to their col - ors prove truel

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THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - y trem - ble, When borne by the
 With her flag proud - ly wav - ing be - fore her, The boast of the
 The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the

CHORUS

red, white and blue. When borne by the red, white and blue,
 red, white and blue. The boast of the red, white and blue,
 red, white and blue. Three cheers for the red, white and blue,

When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy ban - ners make
 The boast of the red, white and blue, With her flag proud - ly
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The Ar - my and

try - an - y trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
 wav - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
 Na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

FLAG OF THE FREE.

Arr. by T. M. T.

1. Flag of the free, fair-est to see ! Borne thro' the strife and thun-der of war,
 2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chosen of God while His might we adore,

S: FINE.

Ban- ner so bright with starry light, Float ev-er proudly from mountain and shore.
 Lead-ing the van for good to man, Sym-bol of right thro' the years passing o'er.

D.S.- While thro' the sky, loud rings the cry, Un- ion and lib - er - ty, one ev - ermore.

D. S. for Chorus.

Emblem of freedom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save ;
 Pride of our country, honored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would darken a star ;

THREE LITTLE SISTERS.

Selected

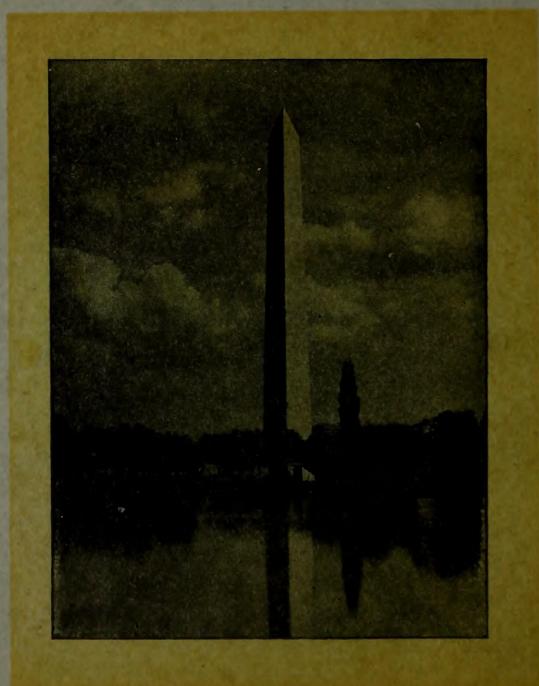
1. I know three lit - tle sis - ters, I think you know them too,
 2. I know three lit - tle les - sons These lit - tle sis - ters tell,

For one is red and one is white And the oth - er one is blue.
 The first is love, then pur - i - ty, And truth we love so well.

Chorus—Hurrah! for these three little sisters, Hurrah! for the red, white and blue.

Hur-rah, hur-rah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for the red, white and blue!

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